

mits, irrigated rolling valleys and plains,
with deep rifts
indicative of streams, and some Magawe
villages.

Our route lay across the most scorched
and gravelly
part of the upper slopes of a wide valley,
scantily
sprinkled with blue *eryngiums* and a woolly
species of
artemisia, a very repulsive region, where
herds" of camels,
kept for breeding purposes, were grazing.
On the other
side of this valley a spur of the fine mountain
Jalanda
projects, and on it are the two villages and
fort of
Kalahoma, the residence of Taimur Khan.

We halted below the hill while a spring
was being
searched for, and I was sitting on horseback
eating my
lunch, a biscuit in one hand and a cup in
the other.
I have mentioned the savagery of the
horses, and
especially of *Hakim*, who has become like a
wild beast.
He was standing fully four horse-lengths
away from
me, with his tail towards me, and the guide
had let go
his bridle, when there was a roar or
squeal, and a
momentary vision of glaring wild-beast eyes,
streaming
mane, and open mouth rushing down upon
me and tower-
ing above *Screws* head, and the next thing
I remember
is finding myself on the ground with my
foot in the
stirrup and three men lifting me up.

I was a good deal shaken, and cut my arm
badly, but
mounted again, and though falling on my
head has given
me a sickish headache for two days, I have
not absolutely
required rest, and in camp there is no use in
" making a
fuss "—if indeed there ever is.

I shall not have pleasant memories of
this camp.
The tents were scarcely pitched before
crowds assembled
for medicine. I could get no rest, for if I
shut the tent
the heat was unbearable, and if I opened it
there was
the crowd, row behind row, the hindmost
pushing the
foremost in, so that it was 8 P.M. before I got
any food.
Yesterday morning at six I was awakened
by people